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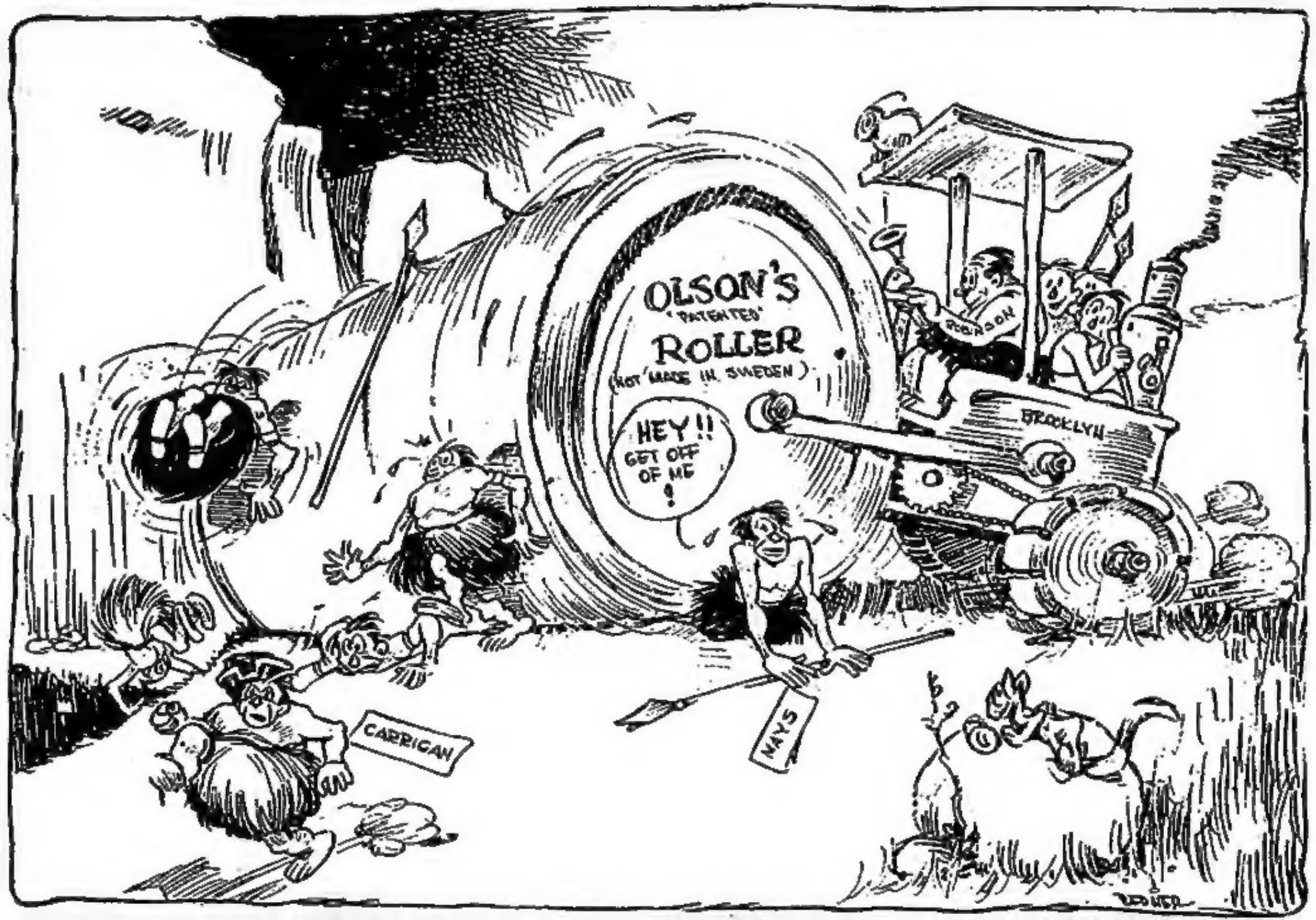
Sports Past and Future ∴ ∴ *By Redner*

TAKE THAT— AND THAT AND—
THEY'RE OUT
LOUIS CLAUS OF DAYTON GETS HIGH SCORE IN OHIO STATE BOWLING TOURNAMENT—
ADVANCE PICTURE OF FIRST ROBIN
THIS IS THE WAY TO DO IT!
SCORE
YMCA
BUFFALO DEFEATS CLEVELAND IN BASKET BALL GAME.
CLEVELAND AMATEURS TRIM CANADIAN BOXERS AT C.A.C.
THIS WAY OUT OF THE BOXER CHAMPIONSHIP RACE
THISTLES
OUCH!
C.A.C.
N.W.
N.W. HOCKEY TEAM GETS LICKED.
WHEE!
GIMME THAT!
LET GO OF THAT D'YOU HEAR
DECISION
DISSENTION
DOING A HOME RUN STUNT ON HIS FARM
CLEAR THE WAY!!!
BATTER'S READY
BANG!
REDNER
PRETTY SOON BOYS—PRETTY SOON
FIGHT FANS EXPECT TO SEE A NICE WRANGLE AT AKRON MONDAY NIGHT
HOME RUN BAKER PREFERS THE FARM TO BASE BALL.

Another Bad Fall - - - - By Redner

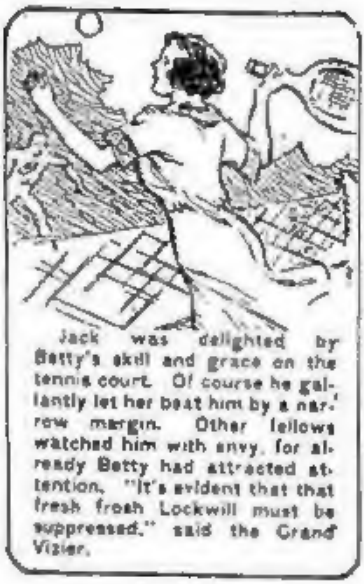
They Call Him a Swede :-: *By Redner*



JACK LOCKWELL AT ROCKLAKE ACADEMY

By Gilbert Patten

McNally came up boldly and stepped between Jack and Betty with insolent assurance. "How about that game of tennis that I suggested, Miss Darling?" he said. "I'm sorry, Mr. McNally," she answered, flashing Jack a meaning glance, "but Mr. Lockwill and I are going to play now." As she walked away with Jack, the Bad Egg glared at the freshman's back. Betty's brother hid a grin behind his hand.



Jack was delighted by Betty's skill and grace on the tennis court. Of course he gallantly let her beat him by a narrow margin. Other fellows watched him with envy, for already Betty had attracted attention. "It's evident that that fresh frosh Lockwill must be suppressed," said the Grand Vizier.

"The sooner he is the better," put in Tom McNally, who had joined the group. "Let's give him a razzing that'll scare him stiff. Then we can warn him to watch his step." The others agreed that what the freshman needed was a proper hazing. They put their heads together, and plotted.

Although he secretly disliked McNally, Willie Darling stood in awe of him. "He's got a darned dirty temper, Lockwill," said Willie, as they were getting into their pajamas to retire that night, "and he looked as though he wanted to kill you when you walked off with my sister." A knock was heard at the door, and Willie answered it. As the door was opened, a band of masked boys burst in and seized Jack.

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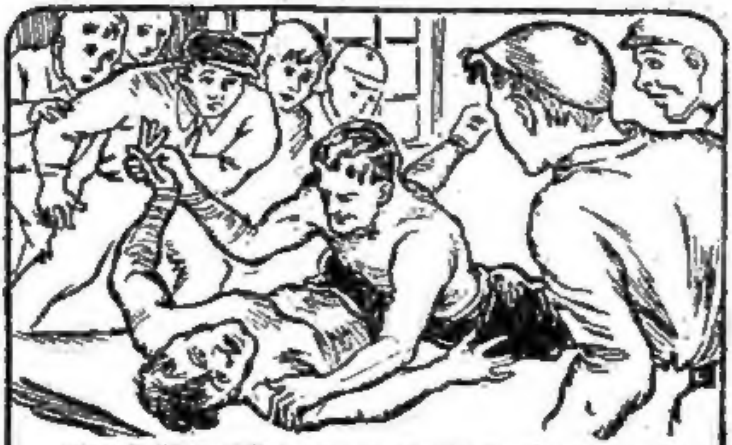
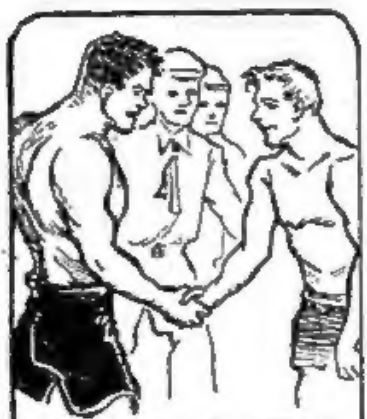
JACK LOCKWILL'S SPEEDBOAT

By Gilbert Patten



"Stop it, Winthrop!" shouted an apprehensive spectator. "That stuff isn't wrestling! It's murder! Bull's killing Lockwill!" Before Winthrop could interpose Jack made a twisting, writhing, flashing convolution and slipped like an eel from the strangling lock of Madison's massive arms. An instant later he had Bull pinned flat on his back. Dazed, the defeated wrestler rose to his feet. 2-24



For a moment he stared at Jack incredulously. Then he offered his hand. "You win!" he admitted. "And you're a game sport, Madison," he replied. Jack's victory became the talk of the school.

Finding a chance to speak to Madison alone, the Bad Egg said: "Everybody's laughing at you, Bull. I'll tell you how to get even with Lockwill." "Get away from me, you rotter!" roared Bull.

Nevertheless, though Jack continued to bear himself with the greatest modesty, the upper-class fellows were practically united in feeling that he must be taught his place. "He's a freshman," said the Grand Vizier, "and there'll be no enduring life with his class if we let him get away with it." "Then it's up to you, Mark," declared a junior. "You're our best fencer. Challenge him and show him up."

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